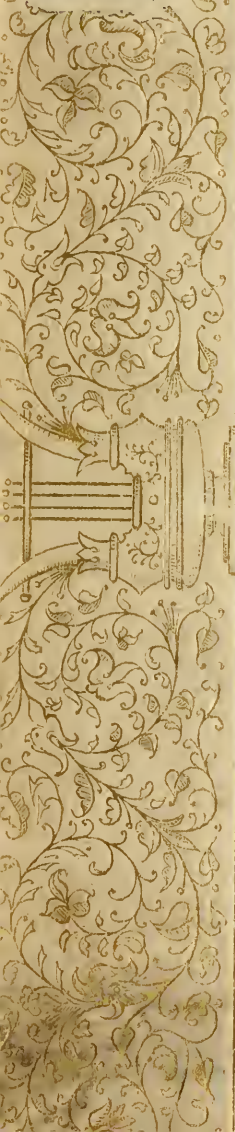


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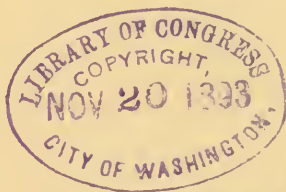
1893

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

IN VARIOUS MOODS

BY

M. A. B. EVANS



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G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

NEW YORK

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1893

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TO
THE FRIEND OF A LIFETIME
S. E.

CONTENTS.

| | PAGE |
|--|------|
| SWEET NELLY, MY HEART'S DELIGHT | I |
| LA MARQUISE | 3 |
| A SALAD | 5 |
| DREAMS | 7 |
| TO MY SWEETHEART'S KODAK | 8 |
| HER CREED | 10 |
| " VARIUM ET MUTABILE SEMPER FEMINA " | 12 |
| PRISCILLA'S SOLILOQUY | 14 |
| THE MODERN RACHEL | 15 |
| PRISCILLA'S FIRELIGHT REVERIES | 16 |
| OLD FRIENDS ARE BEST | 21 |
| EPITHALAMIUM | 23 |
| FISHING | 26 |
| TWO LESSONS | 28 |
| A METAMORPHOSIS | 29 |
| AT THE FLOWER SHOW | 31 |
| A MASCULINE TRAIT | 32 |

| | PAGE |
|--|------|
| THE QUESTION | 33 |
| MARCH | 35 |
| CHARLES LAMB | 36 |
| D'OUTRE MER | 41 |
| CONSCIENCE | 43 |
| A REVOLUTIONARY BATTLE | 44 |
| HAIL, HAPPY PAST | 46 |
| TO THE MODERN SNUFF-BOX: THE BONBONNIÈRE | 47 |
| GRANDMOTHER'S PRAYER-BOOK | 49 |

BALLADES, RONDEAUX, ETC.

| | |
|---|----|
| BALLADE OF THE BERKSHIRE HILLS | 55 |
| ROBIN HOOD AND TO-DAY'S MERRY MEN | 57 |
| RETROSPECTIONS AT SIXTY-FIVE | 59 |
| NE REGARDEZ PAS DE TROP PRÈS | 60 |
| MY LITTLE LOVE | 61 |
| ON IDA'S MOUNT | 62 |
| TO DANDELIONS | 63 |
| TO A PETTICOAT | 64 |
| A SHOWER OF GOLD. | 65 |
| REVERIES OF A BACHELOR | 66 |
| TO H. E. B. | 72 |
| ON MY OWN RHYMES | 73 |

| | PAGE |
|---|------|
| AT VERSAILLES | 74 |
| FRA FILIPPO LIPPI AND THE NUN | 77 |
| AN INCIDENT IN THE CRUSADES | 80 |
| ON THE STAIRS | 83 |
| OUT OF DATE | 85 |
| ON A JAPANESE FAN | 87 |
| KADIJAH | 89 |

Sweet Nelly, My Heart's Delight.

OUT of the regions of fancy,
 Into my favored sight,
Cometh a vision of brightness,
 Sweet Nelly, my heart's delight.

Clustering curls on her forehead,
 Eyes with a mischievous light,
Lips which to mirth and to laughter,
 Or repartee, must invite.

Still, neither eyes, hair, nor laughter
 Fascinate me with their might.
Deeper than this lies the power
 Of Nelly, my heart's delight.

Possibly some kindly fairy,
 Some wee, benevolent sprite,
Gave her that charm which no mortal
 Ever resists, save by flight.

Vain are philosophy's teachings,—
Useless its maxims so trite.
None treat of this wondrous magic,
Hers by a natural right.

Present, she brings me the daylight.
When she is absent, comes night.
All I know is, she 's my Nelly,
Sweet Nelly, my heart's delight.

La Marquise.

YOU dwell in the light of the glad olden time,
And you carry about, at your ease,
That air of *hauteur* poets sing in their rhyme,
And your voice has a lingering, musical chime,
O beautiful, fair Marquise.

Your hands and your neck are as white as the snow,
And your manners are certain to please.
All the arts and the graces of life you well know,
And happiness comes where your smiles you bestow,
O graceful and gracious Marquise.

You are witty and quick in your elegant way
And mischievously do you tease
The adorers who blindly acknowledge your sway,
While your eyes contradict what your ripe, red lips
say,
O wilful, capricious Marquise.

Your eyes ! 'T is with them that you make all
 hearts bleed.

'T is with them that you haughtily freeze
The love which importunate grows, and you need
Not deny that to duels your *beaux yeux* can lead,
 O dangerous, lovely Marquise.

So, 'mid all of your gifts, and that wonderful art
 Of tact which can never displease,
Do you not lack one grace from which all others
 start,
That troublesome blessing called vaguely a heart ?
 O beautiful, fair Marquise.

A Salad.

HER dainty fingers hovered o'er
The lettuce leaves, to make a salad.
So fair was she, I longed to pour
My rapture forth in rhyme or ballad.

Platonic friendship we discussed,
In all its many forms and phases.
And also, how, with but a crust,
Love sometimes dances through life's mazes.

With pessimistic views I tried
To tread Dame Fashion's latest measure.
She touched the salad bowl, and cried :
" Too much of vinegar for pleasure."

And so we chatted gaily on,
With youthful disregard of station ;
And settled, with small thought thereon,
The rights and wrongs of all the nation.

I praised her salad, and, at last,
She promised, through all kinds of weather,
Though skies were fair or overcast,
We 'd walk life's thorny path together.

Of happiness our lives are full.
One's friends to please or foes to foil,
That salad dressing is the rule :
“ One spoon of vinegar, two of oil.”

Dreams.

WHAT care I for pomp or for power,
The glory and pride of an hour,
When millions are always my dower,
Since I have my dreams !

Naught thinking of place or of name,
The highest of all earthly fame
Would seem but a spark, to the flame
That shines in my dreams.

Bright faces smile, winning and fair,
While whispers of love fill the air,
But none of them all can compare
With those in my dreams.

The world hurries heedlessly by,
Entirely contented am I ;
Since it touches the earth, not the sky,
And leaves me my dreams.

To My Sweetheart's Kodak.

O KODAK, are you void of sense,
That you so stoically take
The pressure of her fingers fair,
Which all my nerves would wildly shake ?

Ah ! don't you see her wealth of hair ;
Her eyes so softly, brightly blue,
Now bent, with tender interest,
O Kodak Camera, on you ?

And can't you feel the lively thrill
Of pleasure in her lovely face
When you work well ? O Camera,
I 'd like, just once, to have your place !

Such pictures as I 'd take for her !
Such glorious views of east and west !
Like magic they should come ! Her smile
Would pay me well to do my best.

You don't appreciate your luck,
O Camera, with glassy eye,
Which, staring ever straight ahead,
Sees not the charming maid close by.

If I were you,—but never mind,
You 're not her lover, that is clear.
While I—I love the very ground
That only serves to bring her near.

But still, I scarcely envy you,
Although from me you steal her smiles.
You 're deaf, and dumb, and blind to all
Her beauty rare, her winning wiles.

And saddest, worst of all your lot,
Ah ! this I could not bear and live !
To feel that I belonged to her,
And then,—to take a negative !

Her Creed.

WE whirled in the waltz, my fair partner and I ;
Her eyes and her cheeks were aglow
With the pulse of the music, now soft, and now
loud,
As it echoed its strains o'er the maddening crowd,
Which surged, with its rhythm, to and fro.

Here and there, in and out, past the rest we
danced by.

All thought of this world we forgot.
Like a bird we flew on, while that mischievous boy,
Young Cupid, our heartstrings caught up for a toy,
Tying fast, in a true lover's knot.

Then I, bending down, murmured low in her ear
The sweet words on my lips that were rife :
“ We have danced with one heart and one soul,
love, to-night.
If Affection will guide us, and give us her light,
Shall we dance through the Valley of Life ? ”

With an arch smile she answered. Her meaning
was clear,

Though her words came but slowly : “ Indeed,
If the secret of dancing were rightfully known,
Most lives would be bettered ; that ’s easily shown.
I will follow, but, dear, you must lead.”

Ah well ! Many years have gone by, since that
queer

Little phrase she avowed as her creed.
We have danced over many a precipice-brink,
And, though I ’m not *sure*, yet I certainly *think*
That she still follows me, and I lead.

“*Varium et Mutabile Semper Femina.*”

MY lady love is dear to me,
And, though her faults I sometimes see
With slight surprise,
A sudden change, a breath, a smile,
Will gladden, with some winning wile,
My partial eyes.

When clad in robes of verdant sheen,
The fairest creature ever seen
She seems to me.
I dream henceforth my life she'll bless.
No cloud to mar our happiness
We e'er shall see.

But ah ! a gust of blinding tears
Soon wakes again my slumbering fears
Her smiles are fled.
How shall I treat this fickle maid,
Who at her feet my heart has laid,
Though not my head ?

Her sweetest moods, I often learn,
To jealousy will quickly turn,
 As feelings change.
And then in-doors she keeps me close,
Lest outside sports my heart engross,
 Or love estrange.

Ah well ! Philosophy and love
Combined, will many ills remove ;
 And so, perchance,
As time flies by, she 'll steadfast grow ;
Nor lead me on, through joy and woe,
 This merry dance.

And would you know this charming maid,
In praise of whom so much is said,
 That even whether
She claims the right of woman's will
To smile or sigh, I love her still ?
 "*This April weather.*"

Priscilla's Soliloquy.

HE said of me : " She talks with grace,
And ease of manner charming.
A winning smile lights up her face,
All critics quite disarming.

" Her conversation onward flows,
Like a broad shining river ;
Sparkling with wit, as on it goes,
Bright as a sunbeam's quiver.

" And then she sympathizes so
With all a fellow's feelings.
One's thoughts like magic flowers grow,
Beneath her dextrous dealings."

.

These compliments when I had heard
My eyes with laughter glistened,
Because—I hardly spoke a word !
He talked, while *I*—just listened.

The Modern Rachel.

PRISCILLA leaned back in her well-cushioned
pew,

With a smile on her winsome young face.
As she heard the old story of Rachel anew,
She yawned, 'mid her ruffles of lace.

“ One man for seven years ! ” thought this gay
young coquette,

“ How awfully stupid and queer !
Now I should prefer, without one regret,
Seven men for a single year ! ”

Priscilla's Firelight Reveries.

WHILE sitting alone in the firelight
And watching its flickering play,
I am waiting the coming of Charley,
My lover, my *fiancé*.

Yes, at last I've decided to take him
"For better, for worse," and all that.
He's a right jolly fellow, is Charley,
Always ready to laugh and to chat.

But out from the dusk in the corner
Gleam a pair of wonderful eyes,
Which belong, I well know, to poor Edwin,
And they wear a sad look of surprise.

Poor Edwin ! It's really a pity !
That look makes my own vision dim.
But then, he's been "out west" for ages,
I can't spend my life waiting for him.

He is gone, and his place filled by Harold,
My sailor, my dear, jolly tar.
Ah, Harold ! though once I refused you,
You 've a sweetheart, wherever you are ;

For you had such a way with you always
That none could forget you through life,—
It 's a mystery still, how I ever
Declined to be called your wife !

But then came fair Jamie, the scholar,
His head filled with wonderful lore.
We read and we studied together,
And I loved him each day more and more.

But never a breath save of friendship
Did he whisper or talk in my ear
And after a while I grew restive,
And thought it decidedly queer.

Till suddenly Jamie departed
One day without ever a word,—
And the mystery all was laid open.
He 'd returned to his wife, we heard.

Next Phil, who through many *cotillons*
Led me, who so much love to dance ;
And perhaps we 'd be dancing together
Down life's pathway, but for a mischance.

For during a pause in the " German "
One evening, I went for an ice
With another man, on the piazza.
And Philip used language not nice.

He said that I laughed and I flirted
With every man that I met.
And he left town the very next morning,
Went abroad, and has not returned yet.

Ah well ! I forgot him when Harry,
Dear Harry, appeared on the scene.
He certainly was the best skater
That ever in life have I seen.

I can feel now the keen breath of winter.
Of our skates I can hear the sharp ring,
And feel all the glow and excitement
Of every stroke and swing.

Like swallows we skimmed o'er the surface,
And I feared not the least bit of harm ;
For if, by mischance, I had fallen,
Was there not his strong right arm ?

Why will men be so persistent,
And not let one have the least fun ?
One can't go on skating forever,
Long after the season is done.

But Harry talked quite without reason
When I gave him his final *congé*.
He raved, and was perfectly silly,
And talked about " hearts," and " fair play."

Yes, Will, and Richard, and Champlin,
I see you all over there.
And Nathan, and Fred, and Lyman,
I 'm sure that *you* think I 've played fair.

Especially when we played tennis,
For my strokes were always above.
And the score !—dear me ! how I struggled !—
Was always " forty—love."

But whenever croquet was mentioned

I felt rather more at my ease.

It is so much cooler and nicer,

And one's dress is more certain to please.

But dear me ! how the time passes !

I 'm sure that I heard the front door.

“ Oh, good-evening, Charley. How are you ?

I expected you some time before.

“ Was I lonesome ? Oh no ! Far from it.

Firelight friends have been with me here.

Just throw that shawl over my shoulders ;

And remember now, *don't* call me ‘ *dear.* ’ ”

Old Friends Are Best.

FRIEND of my early childhood's years,
How much of joy and sorrow,
How many hopes, how many fears
Danced round each bright to-morrow,

In those young days, when all the world
Smiled in full vernal glory ;
Each hour its page of life unfurled,
With interesting story.

Since we so sadly wise have grown,
Ambitions, like life's fairies,
To younger hearts than ours have flown,
Though Hope still kindly tarries.

But in those days, no height too great,
No mountain past our climbing.
We felt the power to laugh at fate.
Life's morning bells were chiming.

High noon has taught us what we can
And what we cannot master ;
Our lives are on a steadier plan,
The days fly fast and faster,

And, on their wing, we hope they bring
Some trifling compensation,—
Philosophy, to lightly swing
The cares of all the nation,

A little knowledge, hardly earned,
A little patience, sadly,
Some childish ways to be unlearned,
Some lessons learned but badly.

Alas ! we read life's maxims o'er,
Their comforts are but cold ones ;
No days are like the days of yore,
No friends are like the old ones.

Epithalamium.

“ **A**ND they were married, and lived happy ever
after.” So

The fairy tale runs on, without a hint of strife or
woe.

And one would think that ne’er a ripple stirred the
pleasant stream

Of life, save for the breath of love, and that one
long, sweet dream

Of bliss was all that now remained. Ah ! while a
rosy cloud

Encircles all the world, one can not clearly see.
The loud

Applause and hopes for happiness and joy, from all
one’s friends,

Will silence, for a time, grave thoughts of life, its
hopes and ends.

And there are those who tell you, with a smile, that
ne’er a word

Impatient, sharp, or fretful, on their lips was ever
heard

Through years and years of blissful married life:

Believe them not.

We are not angels born and bred, with ne'er a fault
or spot.

Our voices and our melodies not always are in
tune.

Not always summer breezes blow. It can't be
always June.

And yet there is a talisman, which, with its mighty
spell,

Can help us over thorny roads, and guard, like sen-
tinel

Of old, our hearts. And would you know this
potent, magic power,

Which guides and shields one many a time, in dark
and evil hour?

It is a love expecting not too much, yet deep and
strong,

Which glosses over faults, or, gazing on them not
too long,

Makes them appear almost like added beauties.

Love like this

Forbids if *one* is angry, that the *other* should dismiss
All thought of self-control, and with fierce anger
likewise burn.

Such love would say : “ Ah ! choose another time,
and in your turn
Claim fair indulgence.” So the storm will pass,
and fresh new bonds
Of sympathy be formed, more precious far than dia-
monds.
Such thoughts of mutual forbearance, links of twisted
steel
Shall prove, to bind so close two human lives, that
though they feel
The shock of changing fortunes now and then, yet
as one soul
They two shall stand united, in the conflict 'gainst
the whole
Wide world beside.—And so, with altered vision,
wiser grown,
A deeper, sweeter joy will come, in earlier years
unknown.
The youthful dreams will shine in a new light that
will not pale ;
And life will still remain a sweet and pleasant fairy
tale.

Fishing.

UNDER the drooping willow's screen,
That maid of five and twenty
And I, a youth of just nineteen,
With modesty in plenty,
Sat fishing by the sparkling stream.

That is, I fished,—she chattered,
Discoursing well of "life's grand scheme,"
My manly pride she flattered.

We talked of college sports and ways.

I thought her wondrous clever.
She laughed long at the "Freshman haze,"
Yet still declared that never

Were she a man such things she'd do !

She wished she were one, truly !
Her power of mind quite thrilled me through.
I echoed her wish, duly.

I can't remember all she said,—

She talked both art and nature.
But meanwhile, all the fish had fled,
With spiteful, cold ill-nature.

At last, however, one drew near.
I seized my fishing-tackle ;—
“ Now silence such as one might hear !
Let not a leaf-blade crackle ! ”

He circled slowly round and round,
My bait with keen eyes watching.
A noble fellow, sleek and sound,
A prize well worth the catching.
And now the hook he slowly nears.
Now,—now he 's almost under !
When,—“ Dearest Jack ! ” fell on my ears.
I dropped my line in wonder.

A winning smile ! but ah ! my prize
Fast up the stream had darted.
I reeled my line, and closed my eyes,
And homeward quick we started.
A sadder and a wiser youth,
No further pastime wishing,
I realized at last the truth,—
That both of us were—fishing.

Two Lessons.

“SLIGHT nothing!” is the maxim of our youth.

And this, perhaps, is best, because our eyes
Not clearly can discern immortal truth
In life's first morning light. E'en the most wise
Might pass a precious jewel in disguise.
And as the tiny bird, that builds her nest
In early spring, gives care the very best
To first-laid straws, so, with most tender ruth,
We follow Nature's, not our own behest.

But, older grown, the point of view will change.
We have not all eternity, we find,
In which to live our earthly lives. A strange
New power impels us, and we leave behind
The child's repose, for strength of other kind,
Ability to pick and choose aright.
That man who shows the greatest power and might,
And in the realm of thought has widest range,
Is he who learns the best just *what* to slight.

A Metamorphosis.

SAY not that the gods have quite vanished from
earth ;

Sly Mercury surely remains.

His body has shortened, his wings have grown
round,

And he glides along softly, with never a sound.

Each day new adorers he gains.

He brings such a message of gladness and mirth

That none can resist it when told.

He whispers of Jupiter's power, Juno's pride,

Minerva's high wisdom, and much more beside,—

But he's full of his tricks, as of old.

Woe betide the rash mortal who mounts on his
wings

With presumption and scorn in his heart,

And thinks it quite easy to manage the god !

Cunning Mercury, with a short, quick little nod,

Throws him off, in a rage, at the start.

But, humility taught, such affection upsprings
Between rider and wheel, that the pair
Seem like one single creature, endowed with the
craft
Of Olympian secrets, as past us they waft
A breath of Olympian air.

And thus wanders yet, among dwellings of men,
Unknown to the masses, indeed,
This messenger of the Immortals, who still
Has adventures as daring and full of deep skill,
While renowned, as of yore, for his speed.

And when his familiar form we see again,
Perhaps as the soft sunset gleams,
Let us humbly, in dutiful reverence stand,
While he glides from our vision, out into the land
Of infinite shadows and dreams.

At the Flower Show.

“ **D**U bist wie eine Blume,”
I whispered in her ear.
“ Say, wilt thou grace my garden,
O maid, most sweet and dear ? ”

Full soft and low her answer :
“ O reckless youth, beware !
Alas ! I ’m not an orchid ;
I cannot live on air ! ”

A Masculine Trait.

HOW good soe'er a man may be,
No matter what his creed,
How pure his mode of life, how kind,
In thought and word and deed,
He 'd have you fully understand
That some time in his life,
If not at present, he has known
A world with sinners rife.
And dearer to his manly soul
Than any godly puff,
Is that early reputation, that
He 's been a trifle "tough."

The Question.

HIS SIDE OF THE QUESTION.

“SHE nags me with her questions,
She bores with her complaints.
When I invite Jack, Will, and Ben
To pass an evening, now and then,
She sulks, and goes to bed at ten,
With an air of all the saints.”

HER SIDE.

“He never hears my questions ;
And just the other day
He said I sang like a ‘ gale-in-the-night ’ ;
Of tender speeches he makes light ;
My gowns don’t strike his fancy right,
Very much to my dismay.”

MORAL.

'T is a question for digestion,—
From answering we 're excused.
Continued interest women crave,
But with common sense they must behave.
'T is only a lover 's a willing slave,
And men *will* be amused.

March.

YOU ask me what 's the gayest month,
The maddest, merriest, grayest month,
When winds sing high,
And big kites fly,
And buds come on the larch.

The craziest, jolliest, keenest month,
The wickedest, stupidest, meanest month,
When hopes are strong,
But all goes wrong,
This is the month of March.

Charles Lamb.

MANY long years ago, in some old Grecian town,
Lived a valiant philosopher, of much renown,
Who, to every evil and woe of this life,
Turned a bright, smiling countenance, void of all
strife.

Some said that he laughed at the follies of men,
But his laughter brought answering smiles back
again.

And whether he laughed at himself or at them,
No persons his actions were found to condemn.
O Democritos ! laughing philosopher ! when
A more worthy disciple hadst thou among men
Than the essayist, poet, and friend of mankind,
Charles Lamb, whose soft jestings left never
behind

Any sting which a moment's reflection would not
Wipe out with a laugh ? Ah ! never forgot
Be the name of that mortal, in this vale of tears,
Who, from all of our troubles, our strifes, and our
fears,

Delivers us, while from his chalice we quaff,
And forget all our woes in a good, hearty laugh.
The praises of tears many times have been sung,
In many a country, by many a tongue.
Far be it from me to disparage their power,
Or their place in this wide, human scheme ; but the
hour

When the sun, from the clouds which concealed him
from view,

Shines out in his glory and splendor anew,
Dispelling most quickly, with magical zest,
The mists that enveloped us, surely is best—
Just so a gay laugh, with its gladness and mirth,
Can banish, at times, many cares from the earth.

But the hour of all hours which is dearest to me,
Is the hour when, light-hearted, and happy and
free,

I forget all about my own petty concerns,
While my heart with excitement and interest burns
O'er some tale of adventure, some book of ro-
mance,

A volume of poems, an essay perchance,
Never mind what it is, so the end is attained
Of lifting me out of myself. I have gained

Something more than the joy of the moment,
I find,
For my interest deepens in all human kind ;
And I take up my burden of living once more,
With a pleasure unknown to my thoughts heretofore.

It is now quite the fashion, as all of us know,
For a great many people their thoughts to bestow
On that gravest of questions to sojourners here,
“Is life worth the living?” and, though it seems
queer

That the oldest and wisest are those least in doubt,
While the question is left for the young to find out,
Yet conundrums have ever attraction, I ween,
For the youths and the maidens of sweet seventeen.
But if pessimist views you are tempted to hold,
Just because you are not overburdened with gold,
Because some one frowned, or because your diges-
tion

Is not the most perfect, pray, don't beg the ques-
tion.

Look your ills in the face, and then honestly see
If the most do not come from just simple *ennui*—
For greater, far greater than troubles of pelf
Is the black cloud of evil, fatigue of one's self.

Turn away, and forget in books, music, or art,
Or some kind deed to others, that comes from the
heart,

All about the black spectre that lurks at your heels.
He will vanish at once, when this power he feels.

This world is a mirror. Reflected we see
Our own thoughts and emotions, whate'er they
may be.

If we smile, we have answering smiles back again.
If we frown, we have frowns ; that is equally plain.
Just what we put into this world, without doubt,
Whether laughter or frownings, just that we take
out.

And if, now and then, in this earthly sojourn,
We receive not the kindness we gave, in return,
Can we not many instances call to our mind
Of goodness which least we expected to find ?
So, the average kept, we receive, in the main,
Pretty nearly the treatment we give, back again.

And, if all of our loads are as patiently borne
As the yoke by Charles Lamb for so many years
worn

With a laugh or a smile, and with hardly a sigh,
Always brightly expecting good times by and by,
And making the most of the pleasures which fell
To his lot, we may hope to be equally well
And kindly remembered, by all of our friends.
But, never, oh never, till Father Time ends
Our lives here, can we hope that our strongest endeavor

Will give a tenth part of that pleasure, however,
Charles Lamb gives to each of us, every time
That we open his books. For, in accents sublime,
In sweetness of diction that touches our hearts,
In mirth, which a flavor of sadness imparts,
In a jest, or a pun, or a sharp epigram,
There is none like our dear, witty charming
Charles Lamb.

D'Outre Mer.

Feb. 14th.

THERE 's one that I would fain behold to-day.

Alas! that many a dreary mile
Doth separate me from her smile
So gay!

Her eyes beam with a tender, glowing light,
So clear the very stars do pale,
And hide behind their cloudy veil
At night.

Her lips are like a burning, blushing rose
Whose petals kindly words enfold,
And opening, a heart of gold
Disclose.

Her hair, so fine and dark, is like a net,
To catch the love of all, for none
Who e'er have seen this charming one
Forget.

For years my love for her hath been the same,
At home, abroad, though her address—
Dear Valentine, pray can you guess
Her name?

Conscience.

DIGESTION good, no doubt,
Permits all sorts of feats
One never thinks about,
No matter what one eats.

So conscience is the best,
When all through life it goes
And never breaks one's rest,
No matter what one does.

A Revolutionary Battle.

Fought at Niagara-on-the-Lake July 4, 18—.

DOWN on the bank, by the fast-flowing river,
Wandered that fair English maiden and I ;
I with the praise of my nation a-quiver,
She for the love of her country would die.

Warmly of many a glorious victory
Talked we, both sides of the question to scan.
She praised Cornwallis, of traits contradictory.
I lauded Washington, wonderful man !

Howe and his brother, but rarely defeated,
Clinton, St. Leger, Gage, Carleton, Burgoyne,
Full meed of glory to each one she meted.
Praise from her lips is the sweetest of coin.

Then I took Putnam, and Schuyler, and Allen,
Wayne, Gates, and Greene, and Light-horse
Harry Lee ;
As their fame rose, my own fortunes seemed fallen,—
Gone were her smiles and her favor from me.

“Never mind battles,” said I, “for in spirit
Our English ancestry fought in that war.
Were we not English, by birth and by spirit,
Never would fortune have followed our star.”

Then came her smiles, and the rest of the story
Quickly is told, for—I loved her, you see ;
And, as at Yorktown, that dear little Tory
Laid down her arms, and surrendered to me.

Thail, Thappy Past !

OF the gifts that fall to man,
Of the joys of our existence,
One, the highest of all,
Taste we forever.

Unalterable, absent yet seen,
Easily, quickly,
Memory brings back the glad second sight
Given to all who have tasted
Pleasure, in hours now past.
Friendship and Love
Passing beyond, from our vision,
Live where Mischance cannot reach.
Ours then, and now forever.

Not the united strength of man,
Not the Eternal's mighty power ;—
Forceful and strong and unyielding
Past, naught robs of thy joys
Those who taste once, forever !

To the Modern Snuff-Box: The
Bonbonnière.

O DAINTY thing of silver, gold,
Or filigree,
The case may be,
O pretty toy which maidens hold,
Full many secrets you enfold
To which we have no key.

You hear soft words beneath the ray
Of summer moon.
A precious boon
Is asked perhaps. What sweet lips say
You hear, yet ne'er will you betray,
Though pressed full oft and soon.

Your lot is sweeter now than when
Beneath the smile
Or winning wile
Of kings and courtiers, maids and men,
You kept state secrets past your ken,
And mingled snuff with guile.

For now you always keep your place
In spite of hints.
Your charm imprints
On dainty hands fresh warmth and grace.
Long may you live to bless our race,
And scatter Huyler's mints !

Grandmother's Prayer-Book.

DEAR Grandma Lucy, when this book
Your dainty fingers held,
And with a staid and sober look
Its pages you beheld,

Pray, did you always keep your mind
On prayer, or hymn, or song ?
And did you never, never find
The sermon dull or long ?

And had your friends' poke-bonnets fine
No interest for you ?
And did you smile and make no sign,
Though draughts around you blew ?

No doubt your pretty, slippered feet
Were nestled close and warm
To catch your foot-stove's gentle heat,
And keep them from all harm.

And if a venturesome church-mouse
Ran o'er your dainty toes,
We hope, remembering its house,
No scream from you arose.

But during sermon, prayers, and psalms,
With might and main you strove
To quiet all your fears and qualms
With caraway or clove.

Did not the music make you wince,
(Although you were not free
To speak your feelings then or since,)
When th' choir got off the key?

Above the high, uncushioned seat
No doubt your clear voice rose
Full often in Te Deums sweet,
Or hymns the Church still knows.

But sometimes for your little head
That same uncushioned pew
Perhaps would serve for rest, instead,
When fast asleep fell you.

We fain would know that long-past age ;
Yet your sweet lips are dumb.
We see but on this printed page
Marks of your mitted thumb.

But week by week your prayer-book speaks
In words we both have heard.
The chain of time it cuts and breaks.
We all have "strayed and err'd."

Across the years we interchange
Our love and sweet good-will.
For, though the times and modes may change,
Women are women still.

BALLADES, RONDEAUX, ETC.

Ballade of the Berkshire Hills.

WITH pungent scent of fragrant pine,
And breath of flowers fully blown,
The Berkshire breezes, half divine,
Bring joys long since from mortals flown ;
Since we so sadly wise have grown,
So full of thought and kindred ills.
For cares are nettles, never sown
Among the pleasant Berkshire Hills.

We dance, play tennis, ramble, dine ;
All thought of trouble we disown.
We underneath tall trees recline
And read sweet sonnets. Not alone,
For close beside, on mossy stone,
Sits some one who our heart-strings thrills.
Philosophy is fallen prone,
Among the pleasant Berkshire Hills.

And oh, the moonlight drives so fine !
When, 'neath the eyes of chaperon,
We manage words to interline
Which partly make our feelings known.

And oh, the merry songs out-thrown,
To echo back o'er rocks and rills !
The whole of life has music's tone
Among the pleasant Berkshire Hills.

ENVOY.

O moonlight, type of fleet joys shown,
Mock not the hope our being fills !
For life has broader, sweeter grown
Among the pleasant Berkshire Hills.

Robin Hood and To-Day's Merry Men.

Ballade à Double Refrain.

O H, ours is an age and a country so free
That its glories are sung both in prose and in
rhyme.

Equal chance for promotion is our first decree ;
Pride and pleasure we take in this work-a-day
time.

But long, long ago, 'mid the heather and thyme,
Sherwood Forest, in England, rang each merry
morn

With the notes which are sweetest in liberty's
chime.

Then hark to the echoes of Robin Hood's horn.

Inventions and comforts of highest degree

Surround us who dwell in this fortunate clime.

We speed like the wind o'er the land and the sea,—
Pride and pleasure we take in this work-a-day
time.

But merry the life of these men in their prime ;
 Deep thoughts they regarded with infinite scorn.
The sun shone, the birds sang, the moon made
 night sublime,
Then hark to the echoes of Robin Hood's horn.

For, with care and with study where'er we may be,
 Lofty heights can be won through our toil, work,
 and grime.

A charm hangs forever round Knowledge's tree,—
 Pride and pleasure we take in this work-a-day
 time.

But wealth and ambition were almost a crime
 In the eyes of these dwellers 'mid beech, brush,
 and thorn.

True wisdom meant laughter. All life was a mime.
 Then hark to the echoes of Robin Hood's horn.

ENVOY.

Prince of wild forest joys, while we struggle and
 climb
Pride and pleasure we take in this work-a-day time.
But when downcast, and sorry we ever were born
Then hark to the echoes of Robin Hood's horn.

Retrospections at Sixty=Five.

Rondeau.

MY beau antique, once beau ideal,
The years have passed since last we met,—
Your eyes and hair were black as jet.
The world seems changed and all unreal.

And this a sad and hard ordeal
My old bright love to miss, and yet,
My beau antique, once beau ideal,
The years have passed since last we met.

We skirted pathways hymeneal.
Ah, me ! My own age I forget,
And with a poignant, keen regret,
See standing here, white-haired and real,
My beau antique, once beau ideal.

Ne Regardez Pas de Trop Près.

Rondeau.

DO not expect too much, my friend,
Too closely never, never look.
Though fate were like an open book,
Yet never turn to read the end.

Perhaps you cannot quite commend
Those cruel words your heartstrings shook.
Do not expect too much, my friend,
Too closely never, never look.

For foes will rise, yet joy will blend
With sorrow ; though some friends forsook
Your boat adown Life's rapid brook,
Against great shocks your course defend.
Do not expect too much, my friend,
Too closely never, never look.

My Little Love.

Rondeau.

MY little love, I kiss your hand
And e'en your lips, that understand
Naught of the pain or bliss of love,
While yet a child you sport and rove
'Mid scenes of youthful fairyland.

But Time flies fast, and his command
None may dispute. Too soon you 'll strand
On ground where lovers' hearts you 'll move,
My little love.

How long can I, with manner bland,
Kiss you without an "if" or "and"?
Perhaps I may but touch your glove.
Your lips you 'll hold far, far above.
No more may I a kiss demand,
My little love.

On Ida's Mount.

Rondeau.

ON Ida's mount bold Paris gave
The apple, and a willing slave
He fell to Venus' soft embrace.
The beauties of her lovely face
Were sung o'er earth, and air, and wave.

Minerva, Juno, ne'er forgave
This slight, and, after council grave,
They made a new, strange, subtile grace,
On Ida's mount.

No goddess this fresh charm could have,
Howe'er its glory she might crave.
Soul-like, intangible as space,
It crowns but one of all our race,
Who reigns supreme, sweet, loving, brave,
On *Ida's* mount.

To Dandelions.

Rondeau.

YE hearts of gold, despised, unsung,
Your lowly virtues placed among
The common things of life, ye grow
Still bright and fair, and bravely show
“The lion’s tooth,” to sneers outflung.

Were ye but rare and costly, swung
’Mid beauty’s tresses, every tongue
Would praise your form, your brilliant glow,
Ye hearts of gold !

Ah ! when for us the hour has rung
That hopes are flown to which we clung,
And friends look cold as any foe,
May we smile bravely through our woe,
And keep, like you, our courage young,
Ye hearts of gold !

To a Petticoat.

A Protest against Mrs. Jenness=Miller's Dress=Reform
Movement.

Rondeau.

O PETTICOAT ! Long years you 've stood
The symbol of fair womanhood,
You 've graced the belles of many a clime,
You 've fluttered both in song and rhyme.
You charm us all, whate'er our mood.

In stately minuet, who should
Dispute your power, if he would ?
In waltz, your rustle marks the time,
O petticoat !

But now they say, for woman's good
You must be altered. Ah ! you could
Not hope to wake one thought sublime,
When thus divided ! For the crime
Divides our love as well. Long woo'd !
O petticoat !

A Shower of Gold.

Rondeau.

A SHOWER of gold ? Let none declare
He would not try to catch and hold
Some part, if Fate with him would share
A shower of gold.

Not like frail Danaë's, of old,
But sunlight-clear, divinely fair,
A joy and glory to enfold.

For sordid pelf he would not care,
Who had the fortune to behold
One glimpse of her (my lady's) hair,
A shower of gold.

Reveries of a Bachelor.

A Season of Triolets.

JANUARY.

NEW Year's Day, now good-by
To the sins of the past.
Yet sadly I sigh,
New Year's Day, now good-by.
Good behavior I 'll try.
How long will it last ?
New Year's Day, now good-by
To the sins of the past.

FEBRUARY.

George Washington, why
Did you always speak truth,
And falsehood defy ?
George Washington why ?
For you can not deny
You were mortal. Speak truth,

George Washington, why?
Did you always speak truth?

MARCH.

These March winds are high,
And they ruffle my temper.
Away my hats fly!
These March winds are high.
Right gladly I cry :
“ Aut idem non semper.”
These March winds are high,
And they ruffle my temper.

APRIL.

Oh, nothing is dry
This terrible weather,
Not even my eye.
Oh, nothing is dry.
The world is awry.
Wit and champagne together—
Oh, *nothing* is dry
This terrible weather !

MAY.

At your feet let me lie,
O beautiful May.
Pray, do not be shy.
At your feet let me lie,
And let Cupid supply
A gay roundelay.
At your feet let me lie,
O beautiful May.

JUNE.

So lazy am I
That I fain would not move,
Or even reply,
So lazy am I.
'Neath this lovely June sky,
In a fragrant pine grove,
So lazy am I
That I fain would not move.

JULY.

On the fourth of July,
Amid cannon and rockets,

I 'm determined to try,
On the fourth of July,
To keep little hands sly
From picking my pockets ;
On the fourth of July,
Amid cannon and rockets.

AUGUST.

O'er wheat-fields and rye
So great is the heat,—
The dog-star is nigh
O'er wheat-fields and rye.
No one can deny
We pay dearly to eat.
O'er wheat-fields and rye
So great is the heat.

SEPTEMBER.

In September comply
With the fashion and travel.
Never mind your supply ;
In September comply.

You will health fortify
And troubles unravel.
In September comply
With the fashion and travel.

OCTOBER.

Fast homeward they hie,
From seashore and mountains,
The pretty girls, spry.
Fast homeward they hie.
They our lives glorify,
Like rills from clear fountains.
Fast homeward they hie,
From seashore and mountains.

NOVEMBER.

With rich pumpkin-pie
And turkey give thanks.
Feel your heart mollify
With rich pumpkin-pie.
In your neighbor descry
A man first in the ranks.
With rich pumpkin-pie
And turkey give thanks.

DECEMBER.

Rejoice, buy and buy,
In glad Christmas season.
My bank-notes all fly.
Rejoice, buy and buy.
I finally cry :—
We quite without reason
Rejoice, buy and buy,
In glad Christmas season.

TO H. E. B.

SWEET little violets
 Carry my love to you,,
Woven in triolets.
Sweet little violets !
While the hours fly, oh, let 's
Cherish our love so true.
Sweet little violets
Carry my love to you.

ON MY OWN RHYMES.

Triolet.

I LIKE them to-day,
Woe betide them to-morrow !
Be that as it may
I like them to-day.
And so I still say,
Scorning all future sorrow,
I like them to-day,
Woe betide them to-morrow !

At Versailles.

Pantoum.

SHE stepped upon that fragrant sward,
She watched the joyous fountains play ;
The girlish queen whose fate was hard,
Her sunshine lasted scarce a day.

She watched the joyous fountains play,
Her eyes and lips with smiles alight.
Her sunshine lasted scarce a day,—
Her hopes were lost in blackest night.

Her eyes and lips with smiles alight,
The charming Marie Antoinette !
Her hopes were lost in blackest night.
Her follies let the world forget.

The charming Marie Antoinette !
She loved a play, a rout, or ball.

Her follies let the world forget ;
She paid so dearly for them all.

She loved a play, a rout, or ball,
She loved a brilliant, sparkling gem.
She paid so dearly for them all,
E'en with her life and diadem.

She loved a brilliant, sparkling gem.
Ah ! who shall count the price she paid ?
E'en with her life and diadem,
As on the block her head she laid.

Ah ! who shall count the price she paid ?
Ah ! who can say what thoughts she had
As on the block her head she laid ?
The past unrolled, both good and bad.

Ah ! who can say what thoughts she had ?
No doubt her loved Versailles she saw ;
The past unrolled, both good and bad.
Versailles still owns her sov'reign law.

No doubt her loved Versailles she saw.

She lingers yet around the spot.

Versailles still owns her sov'reign law ;

By no one can it be forgot.

She lingers yet around the spot,

The girlish queen whose fate was hard.

By no one can it be forgot

She stepped upon that fragrant sward.

Fra Filippo Lippi and the Nun.

Sestina.

I N Prato's convent once there dwelt a nun,
Lucrezia Buti, wondrous fair and sweet
To look upon, so full of heavenly love,
That almost would one think she had begun
Already that strange life beyond, complete,
Which here the wisest crave, in realms above.

Thus, when a painting new, to hang above,
The convent-altar needed, this calm nun
Was chosen, that her beauty might complete
The picture of the noble, lovely, sweet
Madonna, that Fra Lippi had begun ;
A man with both his church and art in love.

A painter-monk, Fra Lippi, and in love
With bright and noble dreams. Far, far above,
His thoughts, when first his painting was begun.

But, as he gazed upon the beauteous nun,
Unconsciously her face and form so sweet
His heart thrilled, ere his work he could complete.

He knew it was not right thus to complete
His task. He knew a baser, mortal love
Would spoil th' expression, chaste, unearthly, sweet,
That look as if of light from heaven above,
Which beamed upon the fair and fragile nun,
The look he strove to catch, and had begun.

Alas, that they had met, or life begun !
A look, a kiss ; their ruin was complete !
From out the convent-walls the faithless nun
Stole softly, and away with him, her love ;
Nor cast one thought to those grey walls above,
But hastened on to love eternal, sweet.

And did it last ? Ah, no ! its bitter-sweet
Commenced ere her new life had scarce begun.
Too soon he wearied of that look above,
Beyond, which once to him seemed so complete.
But, while he toyed with newer, fresher love,
Her friends' swift poison venged th' forsaken nun.

A picture spoiled, a sweet life-wreck complete.
Thus rings the song, begun in hope and love,
Above Filippo Lippi and the nun.

An Incident in the Crusades.

Sestina.

FIERCE blazed high noon o'er the crusading host,
And, in his tent, borne down by summer's sun,
Lay Edward, Prince of England, strongest hope
Of lords and commons, for he best had learned
Those lessons of self-government, long taught
By Simon Montfort, Magna Carta's friend.

And as he slept, there came, in guise of friend,
With message from the Saracenic host,
A low-born churl, whom his religion taught
Foul deeds could be accomplished 'neath the sun,
Yet honor could be kept, if rightly learned.
A vast reward his sole excuse or hope.

So, bowing low to Edward, in the hope
To make him think he truly was a friend,
He gave his letter. Edward should have learned
To dread each action of the heathen host ;

For, reading this, and turning toward the sun,
The ruffian sprang upon him, duly taught.

“ Help, help for Edward ! ” Loud the cry, but
taught
With surer skill, the monarch placed his hope
In his own strong right arm. The blazing sun
Showed where to strike, and proved his trusty
friend.

One less was numbered in the hostile host.
One more the strength of Edward’s arm had learned.

Alas ! sad news by him must soon be learned.
Th’ assassin’s steel had touched him, and, long
taught,
He knew the poison used by that wild host,
And that it meant swift death, beyond all hope.
Adieu to life, to home, and wife, and friend.
No more for him should rise to-morrow’s sun.

Then Eleanor, the truest wife the sun
E’er shone upon, came with a secret learned
Long since, from one who fain would be her friend.
She threw herself beside her lord, and taught

Her lips to draw the poison out ; and hope,
With life, returned to Edward and his host.

Ah ! where the host, beneath whatever sun,
With braver tale of wifely hope, thus learned ?
Hail Eleanor ! Love taught the king's best friend !

On the Stairs.*Villanelle.*

AS we sit on the stairs,
 Sweet the waltz music flows.
How her chaperon glares !

But the world and its cares
 Read like stupid old prose,
As we sit on the stairs.

And her beauty ensnares,
 Though artless each pose.
How her chaperon glares !

My heart speaks unawares.
 What she answers, who knows ?
As we sit on the stairs.

From the flowers she wears
 When she gives me a rose,
How her chaperon glares !

But in wild, joyful airs
 My heart's dance music goes.
As we sit on the stairs
How her chaperon glares !

Out of Date.

Villanelle.

O VIRGIL, friend of youthful days,
Thine surely was a happy fate !
We gladly join to sing thy praise.

Of burning Troy, left all ablaze,
Of fields and farmlands thou couldst prate,
O Virgil, friend of youthful days.

On heroes by the score we gaze ;
Aeneas first of course we rate,—
We gladly join to sing thy praise.

Unhappy Dido ! for whose craze
Aeneas felt no “ pious ” hate,
O Virgil, friend of youthful days.

“ Of arms and man ” thy poet’s bays
Attest the power to captivate.
We gladly join to sing thy praise.

Alas ! no heroes now we raise,
For heroes have gone out of date.
O Virgil, friend of youthful days,
We gladly join to sing thy praise.

On a Japanese Fan.

Villanelle.

A COURTSHIP successful began,
In an artlessly Japanese style ;
All this on a Japanese fan.

For who could unmovedly scan
That wonderful Orient smile ?
A courtship successful began.

He pleaded his suit like a man,
With a touch of that soft Eastern guile,—
All this on a Japanese fan.

Though the *musmée* away turned and ran,
Was he daunted ? Not he ; and erewhile,
A courtship successful began.

So my own love I wrote, rather than
Let that heathen my courage revile ;
All this *on* a Japanese fan.

Oh, joy ! For my darling I can
Thank forever that Fortunate Isle.
A courtship successful began ;
All this on a Japanese fan !

K a d i j a h .

Villanelle.

“ LOVE you more than Kadijah, sorceress wee ? ”

Thus spake Mahomet to his youthful bride,—

“ By Allah, no ! for she believed in me !

“ Your face and form are perfect ; glad and free

Your smiles, yet ne’er can I, whate’er betide,

Love you more than Kadijah, sorceress wee.

“ When Fortune frowned and spurned my suit,
not she !

My hopes her sweet, true heart would not deride.

By Allah, no ! for she believed in me !

“ You laugh and jest and with my moods agree ;

While she, more wise, could sometimes fondly
chide.

Love *you* more than Kadijah, sorceress wee ?

“ Though all the world against me gave decree,

Did she lose heart, or cease to be my guide ?

By Allah, no ! for she believed in me !

“ Weave all your spells to hold me at your knee,—
But if, betwixt you I could still décide,
Love you more than Kadijah, sorceress wee ?
By Allah, no! for she believed in me ! ”

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